

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 53—No. 15.

SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Opening Night of the Season.—Tietjens as Fidelio.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 10th, will be performed BRETHOVEN'S "FIDELIO." Florestano, Signor Brignoli (his first appearance); Rocco, Herr Behrens; Pizarro, Signor Galassi (his first appearance in that character); Jacquino, Signor Rinaldini; Il Ministro, Signor Costa; Marcelina, Mlle Baumeister; and Leonora (Fidelio), Mlle Tietjens. After the First Act the Overture to *Lesora* will be performed by the orchestra. During the evening will be sung the National Anthem. Director of the Music and Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Second Appearance of Signor Brignoli.

On TUESDAY next, April 13, will be presented FLOTOW'S Opera, "MARTA." Lionello, Signor Brignoli; Plumketto, Herr Behrens; Scheriffo, Signor Casaboni; Lord Triestino, Signor Zeboli; Nancy, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lady Erichetta (Marta), Mlle Louise Singoli. The incidental Divertissement will be supported by Mlle Blanche Riccio, Mlle Rosina Viale, and the Corps de Ballet.

Subscription Night (being the First of the Six Subscription Nights announced in the Prospectus)

On THURSDAY next, April 15th (for the first time this season), DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LUCREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Campanini (his first appearance this season); Il Duca Alfonso, Herr Behrens; Gabetto, Signor Costa; Rustighello, Signor Rinaldini; Astolfo, Signor Romani; Liverotto, Signor Grazzi; Gazella, Signor Zeboli; Petrucci, Signor Casaboni; Maffio Orsini, Mlle Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mlle Tietjens.

Debut of Mlle Varese.

On SATURDAY, April 17th, VERDI'S Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Il Duca, Signor Gilardi (his first appearance this season); Rigoletto, Signor Galassi; Sparafucile, Signor Costa; Monterone, Signor Romani; Marullo, Signor Zeboli; Borsa, Signor Rinaldini; Ceprano, Signor Casaboni; Uccello, Signor Grazzi; La Contessa, Mlle Filomena; Maddalena, Mlle Trebelli-Bettini; Giovanni, Mlle Lablache; and Gilda, Mlle Elena Varese (her first appearance).

Doors open at eight o'clock. Commence at half-past eight. Stalls, 21 1s.; dress circle, 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; gallery 2s. Box-office open daily from 10 till five, under the direction of Mr. Bailey, where subscriptions may be entered into and prospectuses of the season's arrangements obtained.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT.—THIS DAY. The Programme will include: Overture, "Jessonda" (Spohr); Serenade, for small orchestra, in A, Op. 16 (Brahms), first time at these Concerts; Concertstück, for pianoforte and orchestra (Weber); "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," descriptive piece for orchestra (J. P. Barnett). Vocalists—Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Edward Lloyd. Pianoforte—Herr Pauer. Conductor—Mr. MANN. Numbered stalls, Half-a-Crown. Admission to Palace, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

MR ALFRED GILBERT and Madame GILBERT'S "CLASSICS of the PIANOFORTE and VOCAL MUSIC," at the GALLERY of BRITISH ARTISTS, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, MONDAY Evening, April 19. Herr Straus, Signor Perze, Miss Ellen Day, Mr. Charles E. Stephens, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Madame Osborne Williams, Madame Gilbert, Mr. Wilbye Cooper. Tickets—series, 10s. 6d.; family, 10s. 6d.; single, 5s.—at the usual places; at the Gallery; or of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT, 89, Malda Vale.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Debut of Mlle Zare Thalberg.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), April 10, will be performed Mozart's Opera, "Don Giovanni." Mlle Zare Thalberg (her first appearance on any stage), Madame Vilda, Mlle D'Angeri; Signor Marini, Clampi, Tagliaccio, Capponi, and M. Maurel. Conductor, Signor Viavest.
On MONDAY next, April 12, "LA FAVORITA." Mlle Scialchi, Mlle Cottino; Signori Graziani, Baggiolo, and Pavan.
On TUESDAY, April 13, a Grand Opera.
On THURSDAY, April 15 (in lieu of the Subscription for Saturday, August 7), "L'ELISIR D'AMORE." Mlle Smeroschi; M. Maurel, Signori Clampi and Piazzi.

On FRIDAY, April 16, "LES HUGUENOTS." Madame Vilda, Mlle Bianchi; Signori Capponi, Baggiolo, Maurel, Sabater, and Nandin.
On SATURDAY, April 17, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Mlle Marimon (her first appearance this season); Signori Clampi, Fallar, Raguer, and Piazzi.

Floral Hall Concerts

The FIRST FLORAL HALL CONCERT of the season will take place on Saturday, April 24, instead of May 1, as announced.

ONE HUNDRETH AND FOURTEENTH NIGHT OF "LES PRES ST GERVAIS."

CRITERION THEATRE, Regent Circus.—Sole Proprietors and Responsible Managers, SPIERS & POND.—EVERY EVENING at Eight, "LES PRES SAINT GERVAIS," new Comic Opera in English, by CHARLES LECOCQ. Adapted by R. REECE and produced under the direction of Mrs W. H. LISTON. Conductor—Mr F. STANISLAUS. The Opera commences at Eight, and is over by Eleven o'clock. The Free List is suspended. Mesdames Pauline Rita, Florence Hunter, Lilian Adair, Emily Thorn, and Rose Keene. Messrs A. Brenner, Perrini, Loredan, Connell, Hogan, Grantham, J. Manning. Private boxes from £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s.; boxes (bonnets allowed), 5s.; pit, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s. To be obtained at the Box Office of the Criterion. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Two o'clock. Carriages to be ordered at 4.30. Acting Manager—Mr EDWARD MURRAY.

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THE NEW Quarterly Magazine.

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MR RANSFORD'S ANNUAL BALLAD CONCERT
(under the immediate patronage of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Mr Alderman Ellis and James Shaw, Esq.).
at ST JAMES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening next, April 14, to commence at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Liebhart, Miss Ransford, Madame Elena Corani, Miss Gertrude Ashton, Miss Matilda Scott, and Miss Antoinette Sterling; Signor Gardoni (his first appearance in London this season), Mr Edward Lloyd, Mr Ransford, Mr Hilton, Mr Charles E. Tinney, and Mr Santley. Flute—Mr Radcliff. Pianoforte—Miss Florence Sanders (pupil of Mr W. H. Holmes) and Mr Sydney Smith. Acco'panists—Mr Lindsay Sloper and Mr J. G. Calcott. The Part Music will be sung under the direction of Mr R. Mackway. Stalls, 6s.; family stall tickets (to admit four), 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 2s.; admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be had of Mr Austin, St James's Hall; Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside; Mr Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings; Mr RANSFORD, 59, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square; and of Messrs RANSFORD & SON, 2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus.

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and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

President—The Right Hon. The Earl of DUDLEY.

Principal—Professor MACFARREN.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at ST JAMES'S HALL, on THURSDAY Evening, the 15th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"
MR CORBY THOMPSON will sing (by desire) the popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Grand Concert given by the Lothbury Choral Society, in Stratford Town Hall, on the 19th instant.

"MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY."
MR JNO. WILLIAMS (Foundling Chapel) will sing this highly popular Song, by WILFORD MORGAN, at the Concert of the Twickenham Choral Society, on the 13th; and at Kensington, on the 14th inst.

MDLLE JOSEPHINE MONTAGNON (Mezzo Soprano),
Pupil of Ch. J. Bishenden, the celebrated Bass. For Concert ENGAGEMENTS, address—16, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W., care of C. J. BISHENDEN, Esq.

HERR SCHUBERTH is at present on the Continent, but will Return to London on the 15th inst. Letters to be addressed to the care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR RICCARDI (the new Bass), who made so successful a debut at St James's Hall, March 12th, begs to announce his Return to London for the Season. All applications for ENGAGEMENTS to be addressed, Care of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

MISS PURDY has made arrangements to visit Brighton, professionally, every Saturday. For Concerts, Engagements, Evening Parties, or for Lessons in Singing, address to Miss PURDY's residence, 35, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.

MDME PATEY.—CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

MADAME PATEY requests that all letters may be addressed to her new residence—24, St Stephen's Square, Westbourne Park, W.

MR ORLANDO CHRISTIAN (Basso) begs to announce his Return to Town; and requests that all letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed, 5, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, W.

"SERAPHAEL" (Master HENRY WALKER), the celebrated Boy Pianist—Bronze and Silver Medallist, Royal Academy of Music, London—will return from America early in April. All communications to be addressed—15, White Rock, Hastings.

ON VIEW.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE

SIR WILLIAM STERNDAL BENNETT.

Painted by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.

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Couvrir dix fois de leur feuillage
Les vieux saules de nos étangs,
Que, sans pitié pour mon jeune âge,
Dieu m'a ravi le guide aimé
Qui me prodiguait ses tendresses!
Je pleure son regard charmé!
Je ne reçois plus ses caresses!

Ainsi parlait, en gémissant,
Une orpheline désolée:
Mais un bel ange, l'embrassant,
Lui dit, d'une voix inspirée:
"Ne pleure plus et sois ma sœur
Ma mère sera notre mère,
Et tu verras que du bonheur
Il en est encore sur la terre!"

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**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,
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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday night, *Un Ballo in Maschera* was presented before a crowded and brilliant audience. That in this opera the melodic invention and dramatic force of Verdi are exhibited more strikingly than in any of his previous essays—unless *Rigoletto*, so generally looked upon as his masterpiece, be excepted—has been repeatedly said; and each new hearing, under favourable circumstances, helps to strengthen and confirm that view. It is unnecessary to enter again upon a discussion about the comparative merits of *Un Ballo* and the *Gustave III.* of Auber. That the drama prepared by Scribe for the great French composer, and the Italian adaptation submitted to Verdi, are nearly identical, is well known to all who claim acquaintance with both works; and few can deny that Auber and Verdi have, each in his particular sphere, treated the theme with a success due to exceptional ability. Some may prefer the French, others the Italian version; but none can be blind to the genuine merit shining out conspicuously from both.

The performance of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, was, on the whole, one of the most complete and effective we can remember. This opera was first given at Covent Garden during the summer of 1861, with Mmes Penco, Miolan Carvalho, and Nantier Didié, Signors Mario and Graziani, MM. Tagliacico and Zelger, in the leading characters. The distribution on Saturday still retained the names of two artists who had figured in the original cast—Signor Graziani (Renato), and M. Tagliacico (Armando—one of the conspirators). The interval of twenty years since he first sang before an English audience—as Don Carlos, in Verdi's *Ernani* (April 26, 1855)—would appear to have exercised but small influence to the detriment of Signor Graziani, whose entry in the first scene was greeted with the cordiality justly earned by long and faithful service—backed up by unquestionable talent. The popular baritone soon showed his sense of the hearty welcome thus bestowed, by his legitimate *cantabile* singing in the air when Renato warns the Duke of the perils that surround him; while, later in the opera, the touching soliloquy, "E sei tu," with its mournful apostrophe to past happiness, "O dolcezze perduto," in which the soft tones of the flute (Mr Radcliff) were almost as touching as the accents of the voice, was encoired with the ancient fervour, and repeated from beginning to end.

In Signor de Sanctis, to judge by the warm reception he obtained, and the continuous applause of the audience, Mr Gye may be congratulated on having discovered another tenor of mark. That the new comer is a practised vocalist, the evident ease with which he went through the whole of the music of Riccardo placed beyond a doubt. His voice is of good compass, agreeable in quality, resonant and telling. He has, moreover, a most unrestricted command of it. His phrasing is well balanced, his style devoid of exaggeration, and his intonation nearly always irreproachable. To these qualities may be added others appertaining to histrionic efficiency, upon which further opportunities will enable us to pronounce a more decided opinion. That Signor de Sanctis is an adept in all which concerns the business of the stage is clear; and this, combined with the advantages already enumerated, fully accounts for the strong impression he created. He was called upon to repeat his first air, "La rivedrà," besides being much applauded in the well-known barcarole, "Di tu se fidele il flutto m'aspetta," where Riccardo asks counsel of the sorceress Ulrica. In the admirable concerted piece, "E scherz' od è follia," when Riccardo treats Ulrica's admonitions as a joke, Signor de Sanctis was more open to criticism. Here he became somewhat exaggerated, and the laugh that accompanied the words—

"Ma come far ridere
La lor credulità"

in a great measure interrupted the flow, and thereby spoiled the effect of the music. Best, perhaps, of all the new tenor's achievements was the secret interview with Amelia, before the unsuspecting Renato arrives to warn the lovers of the approach of the conspirators. The duet could hardly, we think, have been more impressively delivered. Signor de Sanctis was, moreover, fortunate in his companion, Mdle D'Angeri, whose Amelia may challenge comparison with any other Amelia now on the stage. The progress made by this young lady during the course of two years

she has passed among us is a topic of general and gratifying comment. Our opinion of Mdle D'Angeri, which, since she first attempted the arduous part of Selika, in Meyerbeer's *Africaine*, was highly favourable, received ample justification by her more recent performance of Agatha in *Der Freischütz*. For her Amelia we can find no words but those of praise. It is earnest and engaging throughout, and in the more impassioned situations, such as that of the duet just named and that of the pathetic appeal to Renato, "Solo un detto ancora a te" (Act IV.)—leaves absolutely nothing to desire. Not merely, however, is the style, vocal and dramatic, of Mdle D'Angeri ripening into excellence; her physical power, too, is sensibly developing and her voice gaining both in volume of tone and richness of quality.

Mdle Scalchi, as before, played Ulrica, the prevalently sombre music being relieved from monotony by the deep and "bell-toned" contralto of this excellent artist; while Oscar is again represented by Mdle Bianchi, who gives a most agreeable portraiture of the lively and intriguing Court page, besides singing the music, which admirably suits her voice, with all the effect of which it is capable. This especially appears in the concerted piece, "E scherz' od è follia," and the arietta of the Masquerade, "Saper vorreste," when Oscar playfully wards off the curiosity of Renato (encored, as usual). The Masquerade presents all its accustomed animation; and Mdle Girod figures with distinction as chief "danseuse."

The opera on Monday was *Robert le Diable*—with Madame Vilda as Alice; *Norma* was given on Tuesday, with Madame Vilda, Mdle Smeroschi, and Signor Pavani; *L'Africaine*, with Mdle D'Angeri and Signor Naudin, on Thursday. *Don Giovanni* is to be played to-night, for the first appearance of Mdle Zaré Thalberg as Zerlina.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The students had a public rehearsal at St James's Hall on Thursday morning, when, in honour of the late Principal, Sir Sterndale Bennett, the programme consisted entirely of his compositions. The following works were given:—

Concerto, No. 4, in F minor, Op. 19 (Barcarole and Finale), (pianoforte, Miss Sheehan); Sacred Cantata, Op. 44. *The Woman of Samaria* (solos, Miss Mary Davies—Welsh Choral Union Scholar, Miss Bolingbroke—Parepa-Rosa Scholar, Mr Howells, and Mr George); Concerto, No. 3, in C minor, Op. 9 (Andante and Finale), (pianoforte, Mr W. W. Bamfylde); Trio, "The Hawthorn in the Glade" (*May Queen*), Op. 39 (Miss Kate Brand, Mr Howells, and Mr Boutenoff); and Symphony, in G minor, Op. 43.

The young students all did their very best, and the audience were not backward in encouraging them by judicious applause. The quartet in the sacred cantata, excellently sung by the students selected for the occasion, was deservedly encoired.

The next Students' Concert will take place in St James's Hall, under the direction of Mr Walter Macfarren, on Thursday evening next.

Lines for Music.

I LOVE THEE, AND I LOVE THEE NOT.

I love thee, why I cannot tell!
A thousand nameless winning ways
Around thee weave their magic spell,
And make words poor to speak thy praise.

I love thee, not because thine eyes
Reflect the pure celestial blue;
But in thy trustful look their lies
The unspoken promise to be true.

I love thee for some subtle charm
That seems to draw my heart to thine;
Thy voice and look my fears disarm,
And tell me thou art only mine.

I love thee, not for wealth or fame,
No worldly wish holds thought of thee;
And since thy heart reveals the same,
How bright with hope our lives may be.

M. A. BAINES.

WAGNER'S REMINISCENCES OF SPONTINI.

(Concluded from page 140.)

"... D'autre part, étant avisé que, depuis 'La Vestale,' il n'a point été écrite une note qui ne fût volée dans mes partitions" . . . To prove that this accusation of plagiarism, levelled against his professional brethren, was not a merely accidental phrase, but founded upon facts scientifically corroborated, Spontini appealed to the testimony of his wife. This lady had had in her hands a voluminous essay written on the subject by one of the most illustrious members of the French Academy. In this essay, which, for personal reasons had not been published, the author had proved conclusively, we were informed, by the most irrefutable arguments, that, without the prolongation of the sixth invented by Spontini, and employed by him in *La Vestale*, modern melody would not exist, and that consequently all new melodic forms had simply been borrowed from his music. These singular pretensions caused in me a feeling of painful surprise, and I attempted to convert the composer to other sentiments. Admitting with him that the state of things was really such as his Academical apologist asserted, I ventured to enquire whether he would not feel capable of discovering new musical forms, supposing anyone submitted to him a libretto of a completely novel poetic tendency, and of a dramatic import hitherto unknown. Smiling with an air of pity, he observed that nothing could be more absurd than such a supposition. "*Dans La Vestale*"—he said—"j'ai composé un sujet Romain; dans *Fernand Cortez*, un sujet Espagnol-Mexicain; dans *Olympie*, un sujet Gréco-Macédonien; enfin, dans *Agnès de Hohenstaufen*, un sujet Allemand; tout le reste ne vaut rien." He hoped, however, that, when speaking about a piece of new tendencies, I had not in my head anything of the so-called romantic school—that is, anything like *Der Freyschütz*. Such childish absurdities, he declared, were unworthy of a man with any self-respect. Art was something essentially serious, and in this style, he said, he had created everything. Besides, he asked, from what nation, from what people was the man to spring capable of measuring his strength with him? He treated the Italians purely and simply as "cochons" ("pigs"); the French confined themselves to imitating the Italians; and the Germans could not tear themselves loose from their puerile reveries. They had, it is true, given some grounds for hope, but it was not long before they had compromised themselves utterly by their dealings with the Jews. "Oh! croyez-moi"—he exclaimed—"il y avait de l'espoir pour l'Allemagne, lorsque j'étais empereur de la musique à Berlin; mais depuis que le Roi de Prusse a livré sa musique au désordre, par les deux juifs errants qu'il a attirés, tout espoir est perdu." At this point our amiable hostess thought she would do well to attempt to divert the mind of the composer from the train of thought into which he had fallen. The theatre was only a few paces off from the house, and, as *Antigone* happened to be given that evening, she fancied she would interest Spontini by letting him see the plan adopted by Semper, the architect, to give the stage the form and aspect of an ancient theatre. At first, he thanked her, pretending that he knew all about it, and had done the same thing in his *Olympie*. At last, however, he yielded and went off with one of the company. But his absence was not long, and he returned with a smile of contempt on his lips. He had, he said, seen more than enough to be completely edified. His companion afterwards informed us that they had selected seats in the amphitheatre which was nearly empty. Scarcely had Spontini heard the first few bars of the chorus to *Bacchus*, before he rose, saying aloud as he did so: "C'est de la *Berliner Sing-Academie*; allons-nous-en!"

Nevertheless, amid his high-flown notions, we clearly perceived that the composer was allowing his mind to be invaded by a fixed idea, that of stopping some time at Dresden, in order to get up, one after the other, his principal works. But, far from being taken by this idea, Mad. Schröder-Devrient, guided by her liking for Spontini, thought it would be advisable to avoid a fresh performance of *La Vestale* while he was still in Dresden. She foresaw that the success would not come up to his expectations, and that the second attempt would simply result in a second disappointment. She pretended, therefore, to be suffering from indis-

position. As for me, I received from the management the passably disagreeable order to inform the composer that the next performance of his opera was indefinitely adjourned, as the supposititious illness of the principal actress in it did not permit us to hope that it could be speedily repeated. This mission was so painful to me, that I resolved our Musical Director should share the responsibility of it. Like myself, Röckel had gained the composer's good graces, and, moreover, enjoyed the advantage of expressing himself in French with more facility than I could. It was in trembling that we went to Spontini's lodgings. We guessed too easily beforehand the disagreeable reception which awaited us. What was our surprise on seeing the composer, who had already been apprised of the state of matters by a note from Mad. Schröder, advance towards us with outstretched hand and smiling face. In a few words he told us he was obliged to leave without delay for Paris, whence he expected to proceed immediately to Rome. In the latter capital, the holy Father, who had just conferred on him the title of Count de St André, was awaiting his arrival. At the same time he showed us a second and not less precious document, by which the King of Denmark had bestowed on him letters of nobility. In reality, the Danish Sovereign had sent him the patent of the Order of the Elephant which carries with it noble rank, but Spontini never mentioned the decoration, considering such marks of distinction as of only mediocre importance. What especially flattered him was his new-fledged nobility. The satisfaction and the joy caused him by the news vented themselves in transports of child-like rapture. The touch of an enchanter's wand had suddenly transported him from out the narrow circle of the labours accomplished in the Dresden Theatre. With the calmness and serenity of a man supremely happy, he looked at us from the height of his glory, and cast upon us a glance of mild compassion. It may easily be supposed that Röckel and myself were profuse in our benedictions on the Pope and the King of Denmark. Satisfied with the happy conclusion of our mission, we bade Spontini farewell, but we did not separate from him without emotion. To put the finishing touch to the joy of this extraordinary man, I promised him that I would maturely weigh his advice, and think, at my leisure, over the reasons he had adduced to turn me from the career of a dramatic composer.

This was the last time I saw him. A few years later, I was informed of his death by a letter from Berlioz, who assisted him in his last moments, and remained faithfully at his bedside when he was dying. Berlioz told me that, on the approach of death, Spontini struggled long, and endeavoured to hold fast the life which he felt was escaping from him. "Je ne veux pas mourir;" he exclaimed, "Je ne veux pas mourir!" In one of these moments of anguish, Berlioz, thinking to console him, said:—"Comment pouvez-vous penser à mourir, vous, mon maître, qui êtes immortel!" "Ne faites pas d'esprit!"—replied the old man, in a tone of irritation.

The fatal news reached me at Zurich, where I then resided,* and affected me profoundly, despite the singular reminiscences which had been left by our interview at Dresden. I wrote an article for a local paper, directing attention in it to the loss which music had sustained. I insisted principally upon one point, namely, that Spontini, pursuing an opposite course to that followed by Meyerbeer and Rossini, was always distinguished for the deep faith he had in his art and in his own genius. This faith in himself degenerated, it is true, during his later years, into absolute idolatry—into a singular superstition. I had seen a striking example of this weakness, but I did not then allow myself to dwell upon it.

Immediately after Spontini's departure, my occupations in the Dresden Theatre did not leave me leisure to reflect on the strange impressions I had received; and I do not recollect feeling the want of the slightest effort to make them agree with the high esteem which I professed for the author of *La Vestale*, and which I felt growing stronger in me every day. It is very evident that I had become acquainted with only the caricature of the illustrious composer. The exaggerated outbursts of his *amour propre*, however, enabled us to judge what he had been in the days of his strength and youth. When I saw him his judgment was weakened, and his mind, so to speak, had lapsed into second childhood. This appeared only too clearly from the passionate energy with which he laid claim to certain pretended discoveries of no impor-

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that the two Wandering Jews to whom Spontini referred were Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn.

* The reader may remember that, after the events of 1849, Richard Wagner was compelled to flee to Switzerland. [Note by M. Victor Wilder.]

tance, while he was silent upon his real merits. But all this could not alter my admiration for his works, nor diminish their great value. Shall I state frankly the truth? I felt inclined to excuse his unbounded vanity and his unbridled pride, when I reflected that they were inspired by the comparison he drew between his own value and that of his successors. When remarking the contempt he manifested for those who then swayed the musical sceptre, I felt that, in the depths of my soul, my thoughts and his met; and I instinctively perceived that my opinions and his agreed more closely than I should then have dared to confess.* The result was that, notwithstanding the ridiculous side of his visit to Dresden, I felt invaded, despite myself, and with a sort of terror, by profound sympathy for this strange man. I have never seen any one like him.

RICHARD WAGNER.

[If Wagner was desirous of proving that Spontini's French and Spontini's music possessed something in common, he could not—sly Dog of the Future!—have set to work with more supreme felicity. He has written down the god of Berlioz as an arrogant donkey—*et voilà tout*.—Otto Bränd.]

MR DONALD M. KING.

Mr Donald M. King having sent in his resignation as professional member of the City Glee Club—the members determined to present him with a mark of esteem for his long services to the Club (of which he was one of the Founders). A fund was at once collected, to head a subscription for a more public acknowledgment of Mr King's long and honourable professional career. A portion of the fund was devoted to the purchase of a beautiful antique and massive punch bowl, which was presented to Mr King on the last night of the season. Mr Henry Smith, Chairman on the occasion, made an eloquent speech, alluding to the versatility of Mr King's talent. Who could forget how (for many years at the Foundling Chapel) he interpreted the music of Handel, or his admirable glee singing? Then, with regard to Dibdin's songs, Mr King's name would always be associated with "Tom Bowling." Again, in opera, Mr King had had the honour of playing Elvino to almost every Amina in the kingdom. Though Mr King had resigned his professional connection with the club, it was hoped that he would often visit it; for it would be a source of deep regret if the club were never to hear his voice again. The silver punch bowl was handed to Mr King by another of the Founders of the Society, Mr Bryan Corcoran, amid loud expressions of kindly regard. Mr King made a very feeling and suitable reply in returning thanks for the handsome present. He said had it been presented some ten years ago, he should have received it with unmitigated pleasure; there was however at that moment a feeling of sadness which somewhat oppressed him, for he could not but know that it was a testimonial which (he having assisted in forming the club some 21 years since) told him he was on the wrong side of life's hill, and that as an interpreter of the works of the great masters he had lived through a long professional career. He must give place to younger artists. He had had his day. The public had always been kind to him; while among his professional brethren he believed he had many friends, and, he trusted, not a single enemy. A committee will be formed to carry out the further intentions of the subscribers.

MAYENCE (March 30th).—Verdi's op. r., *Aida*, has been given here for the third time. The opera has had a great success from the first, and continues increasing in favour. The public like the brilliant music of Verdi, in spite of many reminiscences of Meyerbeer and the reciting fluency of Wagner; now and then one recognizes Verdi's style, but on the whole the music is written in a new form. The *mise-en-scène* is, considering the small means and stage, very beautiful and costly, the costumes from Berlin splendid; and they are destined to go to the theatre in Cologne, where the opera will be performed next month. Such a work would be an acquisition for the London public, and the directors of the Italian Opera Company.—Mme Pauline Lucca has been playing at the Frankfort Theatre several times, with success, but the *Frankfort Journal* criticizes her performance of Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*, most unfavourably.

* I must remind the reader that it is merely Rossini and Meyerbeer to whom reference is here made. [Note of M. Victor Wilder.]

Music in Passion Week.

Our London presentations of sacred music have been for some years past assuming more and more distinctly the character of services. In this respect London was the scene of a "revival" far more healthy, and, we believe, more likely to prove permanent, than any that can possibly result from illiterate oburgation or nasal hymnody. Of the fine arts music is unquestionably the most competent to touch the human soul; and, existing not in space but in time, musical performance derives additional advantage, when addressed to large numbers, from the sympathy necessarily created among large numbers in whom like sentiment is awakened simultaneously. If all or any music has this power, which few will be prepared to deny, noble music competently interpreted must have it most signally and completely. We have no wish to weaken a cause we believe to be a good one by the mischievous advocacy which consists in proving too much; but no one could have been present at St Paul's, or at the Albert Hall, without feeling that even, if in many instances drawn to either "by the ears," to a considerable number even of those so led the great events commemorated in Holy Week were brought home not only in a new way but in a way likely to be lasting in its effect. Of any music connected by a great master with such a theme something of the kind might be said—of Handel's *Messiah*, of Haydn's *Seven last Words*, and other works which might also have been heard; but of none perhaps would it be true to the same extent, because in none has the musician effaced—we had almost said, sacrificed—himself to his subject so entirely. Other masters—Bach himself, in other works—have done something for their own glory, or made concessions to popular taste, or more pardonably, presented artistic beauty in the place of objective truth; but, in *The Passion according to St Matthew*, self-denial has been exercised almost to a fault. It would be difficult to point to a passage in which the composer exhibits his invention or his learning at the cost of what he holds to be the first expression of the successive emotions or facts he has to convey through his art.

Presentations, like those suggesting such remarks, are hardly matters for criticism. But we are bound to say that, from a strictly musical point of view, the inadequacy of the *puerile* voice notwithstanding, we preferred St Paul's to Albert Hall. For the first time, we believe, in England, Dr Stainer presented the *canto-fermo* of the introductory chorus—as we have repeatedly urged—in octaves, not merely in unison. For the first time, therefore, it was heard, and with an effect not less sublime than novel. Mr Barnby has an advantage musically which no cathedral choir, as at present constituted, can overtake, in the presence of female voices for solos and choruses. Both gain as much thereby in expression as in *timbre*. But every excellence of his otherwise excellent performance of Bach's work is counterbalanced by his mode of presenting the chorales—without the accompaniment for which the composer has given express directions, and with all the little *minauderies* of the modern part song, for which assuredly the composer has not given any. At St Paul's these noble strains were allowed to flow on, together with their tributaries of organ and orchestra, in one grand stream—like "the river of God, full of water"—a type of the united worship of the Church militant here on earth.

J. Q.

APRIL.

A pril! sweet month of sunshine and of show'rs,
F ray be thou not too tearful, lest the flow'rs,
E rejoicing first, at promise of the Spring,
I n disappointment droop! But gladness bring:
L et Nature smile with thee, and carols sing.

M. A. BAINES.

BRUNSWICK.—The "Verein für Concert-Musik" engaged Mme Désirée Artôt and her husband, M. De Padilla, for their concert on the 6th inst., under the direction of Franz Abt. The following is the programme:—Symphony, No. 7 (Beethoven), "Verdi prati" (Handel), Mme Artôt; "Io t'amero" (Stanzieri), M. De Padilla; "Loreley" Legend for Orchestra, with Harp *Obbligato* (C. Oelert), "L'incontro" (Arditi), Mme Artôt; "Serenade" (Scuderi), M. De Padilla; "Vestido azul" and "El Fango" (Spanish duets), Mme and M. Artôt De Padilla; Overture to *Euryanthe* (Weber).

DEATH.

On the 1st inst., Mr E. W. BARTON, of Hollen Street, Soho, Music Printer, aged 65, a much respected tradesman in the parish.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. T. T. (Birmingham).—The "Symphony No. 4" of the late Sterndale Bennett is in the key of A major. It has been performed in public (by the Old Society of British Musicians), but has never been printed.

COVENTRY FISH.—The cast of Rossini's *Otello* at Her Majesty's Opera, to which our correspondent refers, was as follows:—

Otello, Signor Mongini; Roderigo, Signor Gardoni; Iago, Mons. Faure; Elmiro, Signor Foli; Doge, Signor Archinti; Emilia, Mlle Cari; Desdemona, Mlle Christine Nilsson.

Mr Fish is only wrong about one particular. Mlle Cari, and not Mlle Morensi, was the American representative of Emilia.

A COUNTRY READER.—The paragraph to which our correspondent refers appeared in the *Times* of the 13th ult.—"University Intelligence—Cambridge." It was simply what follows:—

"With reference to the election to the Professorship of Music, a memorial has been signed by Sir Julius Benedict, Sir John Goss, Herr Joachim, Messrs Arthur Sullivan, A. Manns, George Grove, John Hullah, Randegger, and Cusins, Drs Monk and Stainer, with others among Mr Macfarren's former pupils and his brother professors, in which the memorialists, though not members of the Senate, take the opportunity to state their firm conviction that Mr G. A. Macfarren is eminently qualified for the post; and with reference to insinuations which have, it appears, been thrown out that Mr Macfarren's blindness will incapacitate him from examining exercises, assert from their personal knowledge that his blindness does not prevent him from examining and correcting the exercises of his numerous pupils, or from constantly composing new music and analysing that of other composers, and that it cannot therefore prevent him from performing the duties which would be required of him as Musical Professorship of Cambridge."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World,

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1875.

QUID TUM?

BEETHOVEN got up in the best of humours. Contrary to custom, he declared the breakfast prepared by Mad. Schnaps excellent, and, feeling inclined for a walk, directed his steps towards his favourite hostelry, The Rose-Bush in Bloom. On arriving there, a comedian whom he knew, further raised his spirits; but, while sipping a glass of wine, his glance fell upon a customer of humble exterior, who gazed at him intently. Under other circumstances Beethoven would have been incensed. Now, however, unusually forbearing, he looked at the intruder with blank indifference. This encouraged the stranger, who forthwith crossed the room, and seated himself opposite Beethoven. The first impulse of the master was to knit his brows. But this did not last; the new-comer smiled so blandly that our composer took out his pocket-book, and laid it, with pencil, before him.

"Excuse me, Herr Capellmeister, but I am one of your most ardent admirers"—wrote the unknown.

"I feel flattered"—said Beethoven.

"Pray do not be offended. If you knew how grieved I should feel if it were true that so great a man as yourself, Herr Capellmeister, suffered, occasionally, from a want of money"—

"Humph!—true enough at times."

"What an honour it would be, on such emergencies, to place my economics at your disposal!"

"Gently, old fellow!—you are talking nonsense."

"Oh, Herr Capellmeister, believe what I say. My veneration

for you is great; but, unfortunately, I have not with me at present more than a hundred florins."

"What? From hand to hand, without receipt?"

"Don't mention it—only as a mere formality, sign this paper. Your autograph doubles its value."

"Pooh! you are mad—but what is this?—'Two months after date, I promise to pay the sum of two hundred florins'?—Ah! that is what you mean!"

Whereupon Beethoven seized his stick, with a threatening gesture. The waiters, however, interfered, and helped the swindler to escape. Meanwhile, the landlord endeavoured to pacify the master, who, passing suddenly from rage to merriment, invited mine host to join him in a glass, and, thanks to this fresh libation, found himself in a humour to visit some aristocratic patrons.

In the evening he asked Mad. Schnaps for his new suit. She could not believe her ears. For years that suit had not been worn. Beethoven, however, dressed and went out. Before his door was a carriage sent for him by Count —, but the great musician, in an unusual state of high spirits, preferred walking to the Dietrichstein Palace. On arriving, he became aware that his new suit was hardly in condition. He had walked through snow and mud, and the consequences need not be described. Indifferent, nevertheless, to minor inconveniences, and without giving a thought to the state of his attire, he traversed, with head erect, the vestibule, and, regardless of the amazement of the domestics, entered the drawing-room without ceremony. That a little of the feeling in the antechamber found its way into the saloon must be admitted. But, on that particular evening, Beethoven's face wore so unwontedly amiable an expression that, after the first surprise, all hands, even the most aristocratic, were extended towards him.

The master, touched by this cordial welcome, thanked his host, and gave an account of what had taken place at the Rose-Bush in Bloom, illustrating his narrative with the most comical details. The demurest ladies were convulsed with laughter, and declared that a more engaging "man of the world" could not be than Beethoven, who, putting a finishing touch on his urbanity, sat down to the pianoforte and improvised in his own incomparable manner. The society, in ecstasies, entreated him to play again—with which request he cheerfully complied, charming his hearers more and more.

The night had far advanced, when Beethoven rose to depart. It was a struggle as to who should have the honour of accompanying him home. But the master was bent upon returning as he had come.

Next day, people could talk of nothing but Beethoven's unexpected apparition in the fashionable world.

Otto Reard.

FERDINAND LAUB, the well-known and justly-renowned violinist, died recently at Gries. A Bohemian *pur sang*, Laub first saw the light at Prague, in 1832. He was noted as one of the few violinists who could play—and play well—the *Hungarian Concerto*, of J. Joachim—who, by the way, not only entertained, but frequently expressed in the the warmest terms, the highest esteem for his natural gifts and artistic acquirements.

ZERÉ THALBERG.—The *début* of Mlle Thalberg is looked for with great expectations—and naturally so; for she is connected with the superlative *Maestro* of singing on the piano. There can be no doubt that Thalberg's admirable work, *L'Art du Chant*, is essentially a text book for pianoforte students of all time, as well as a shining monument to his own universally recognized genius.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE inhabitants of Nivelles are busy getting up subscriptions for a statute to Tinctoris, a noted musician of the XVth century, supposed to be "Nivellois." A document, however, has been discovered in the public archives, proving, unanswerably, that Tinctoris was not born at Nivelles, but at Poperinghe.

SALVINI.—At Drury Lane Theatre, in an Italian version of Shakespeare's *Othello*, Signor Salvini, the great Italian tragedian, made his first appearance before an English audience. In his representation of the character his principle seems to be the exhibition of intense mental agony strongly suppressed, the progress of the struggle being most accurately shown at every step. With the traditions of the English stage the *Othello* of Signor Salvini has no more to do than Mr Irving's Hamlet, and the pains he takes to depict the suppression of emotion, when it has been the general tendency of actors to indulge in repeated violence, at first tends to a suspicion that by elaborate refinement he conceals a lack of power. That such is not the case is nobly demonstrated in the third act, when his transient rage with Iago ("If thou dost slander her and torture me," &c.), which is a veritable storm of passion, completely takes by surprise an audience unprepared to believe that such tremendous force lurked under so calm an exterior. From this moment he is master of the situation. His public is made to feel that he can do what he pleases, that what seemed to be weakness was strength of will, and that the whole performance merits to be studied as the developed conception of an original thinker.—*Times*.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MYDDLETON HALL.—An evening concert given in Myddleton Hall—with the assistance of Mdme Ernst, Miss Marian Pocklington, Herr Ernst Murick, Messrs W. Kitching, E. Finnis, W. Harding, H. Raven, and J. L. King, as vocalists; Mr Edward J. Jeffs, flautist; Mrs Hallam, Miss Louis, Herr Fritsche, and Mr J. L. King, pianists—took place on Wednesday evening, the 24th ult., and attracted a large audience, who were not satisfied until nearly every piece had been repeated. Among the most successful were Mendelssohn's *Capriccio* for the pianoforte in B minor, played by Miss Louis; Sullivan's "Little Maid of Arcadee," sung by Mdme Ernst; and Mr Clinton's arrangement for the flute of Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love," which Mr Edward Jeffs gave in a style that merited the unanimous encore he obtained.

For the entertainment of in-patients of the National Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, a concert took place on Thursday evening, which was in every respect successful. The rooms were crowded. The programme consisted of part-songs and other vocal contributions, with readings by Mr Rawlings and Mr J. Netton Radcliffe. There was also an organ solo by Mr Henry Bevington. Mr Oberthur, who, with his talented pupil, Miss Marion Beard, played his brilliant duet for two harps, *Les Huguenots*, as also his harp solo, "Clouds and Sunshine," both greatly admired. Miss Beard also played, with precision and taste, the harp part in Oberthur's popular duo on *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which the composer took the piano. Miss Emma Wise made a favourable impression as a vocalist. The Misses Edith Heath and Janet King also pleased in Herr Ganz's piano duet, "Qui vive;" and last, not least, Miss Bevington's readings of Longfellow's "Footsteps of Angels," and Johanna Chandler's "Deathless Crown," were listened to with interest.

The second concert of the Schubert Society (forty-sixth since its formation) took place on Wednesday, the 31st of March. The first part of the programme was devoted to R. Schumann's compositions, including *Fantasietücke*, for violoncello and piano (Miss Louise Dicks and Herr Schubert), solo violoncello, "Abenlied," as instrumental pieces; and "Devotion" (Mdme May Rolt), "Ich grolle Nicht" (Miss Kate Sullivan), &c., as vocal compositions. The second part was miscellaneous, and opened with Golttermann's duo for piano and violoncello, well played by Miss Emily Tate and Herr Schubert; Miss Felicia Bunsen (sister of the celebrated contralto) and Miss Louise Dicks played solos on the piano; Miss Emily Tate, Liszt's *Rigoletto*; Mdme Sievers, a harmonium solo; and Herr Schubert, a new solo of his own composition, on the violoncello. Amongst the vocal pieces, "Bid me discourse," sung by Mdme May Rolt, was much applauded; Mr Bishenden sang, "Nazareth" (Gounod), and Miss Kate Sullivan, "Don't be sorrowful, darling" (Molloy). The rooms were, as usual, very full, and the concert a success.

THE death of the once celebrated pianist, Marie Pleyel, is announced in the Brussels papers.

PROVINCIAL.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Liverpool Albion* of 3rd April states that the fifth and last of the series of concerts in aid of the Organ Fund of the New Masonic Hall, Hope Street, took place there on Wednesday. Brother T. Armstrong directed the proceedings, which formed a worthy termination of the series. Madame Billinie Porter, Miss Armstrong, Mr A. Plato Bean, Mr W. H. Armstrong, Brother Harrison, and Brother Armstrong were the vocalists. The chief instrumental features of the concert were a fantasia on Scotch airs played on the violin by Brother Loveday, and Mozart's E flat Quartet, ably rendered by Brother Loveday (violin), Brother Duncanson (viola), Mr W. H. Armstrong (violoncello), and Mr Billinie Porter (pianoforte).

SIG. SCHIRA.

The following letter was addressed to Sig. Schira by Dr Carlo Gardini, manager of the Teatro Fenice, Venice:—

"To my distinguished Friend, the *Maestro*, Cavaliere Schira, I send this letter to express my most cordial and profound admiration for that most beautiful work of yours, *Selvaggia*, which I had the good fortune to be the first to bring out at the Fenice, and of which I may therefore proudly boast that I am the *padrino*. The hearty welcome and the applause which greeted your magnificent creation will, I am certain, form one of the brightest pages in your artistic career, because they were spontaneous, and proceeded from a public whose exquisite intelligence in matters of art is proverbial.—Your *Selvaggia* will soon be a source of delight at all our leading theatres, and continue to achieve for you splendid triumphs. I beg you to receive this sincere expression of my feelings, and, with a cordial grasp of the hand, I subscribe myself, your friend and admirer, "CARLO GARDINI.

"Venice, February, 1875."

When shall we hear more of Signor Schira's genial dramatic music in England?

THE LATE MR BATEMAN.

The following letter of condolence, signed by the actors engaged under the late Mr H. L. Bateman, has been addressed to his widow:—

"To Mrs Bateman.

"Madam: The members of the Lyceum company beg most respectfully to offer their heartfelt sympathy in the hour of your bereavement; and, while deeply lamenting the sad event which has taken place, they one and all desire to assure you of their allegiance and earnest determination to fulfil their several duties willingly, cheerfully, and honestly. Sincerely trusting that success may ever attend your undertaking, we remain, Madam, yours," &c., &c.

Mrs Bateman's reply was as follows:—

"To the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Lyceum Theatre.

"The earnest assurance you have so kindly given me of your desire to lighten, as far as possible, the task that has so sadly and suddenly fallen upon me is an additional evidence of the genuine good feeling that always has, and I trust always will, prevail amongst us. I feel confident that nothing will be wanting on your part to show your steadfast devotion to the best interests of the Lyceum, and to maintain the high position it has gained under wiser and abler guidance. In your strength I shall find the best corrective for the weakness of the hands to which its future is now entrusted. Allow me to add that my confidence in you *all* has been a great comfort to me when comfort was so sorely needed. Believe me, most sincerely and gratefully yours, SIDNEY F. BATEMAN."

THE will, dated November 9th, 1862, of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., who died on February 1st, was proved on the 15th ult. by James Lamborn Cock, surviving executor, the personal estate being sworn under £8,000. The testator leaves all his property to be equally divided between his three children—Elizabeth Down, Charles Sterndale, and James Robert.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WE understand that Messrs Novello and Co. have succeeded in making arrangements with the proprietors of the work for the production of Verdi's "Requiem" at the Royal Albert Hall Concerts during the month of May. Madame Stolz (soprano), Madame Waldmann (contralto), Signor Masini (tenor), and Signor Medini (baritone), are specially engaged to take part in the performances, which will be given under the personal direction of the eminent composer.—*Musical Times*.

CHRISTINE NILSSON AT BRUSSELS.

(From a Correspondent.)

The success in this capital of the "Swedish Nightingale" has even suspended expectation. *Hamlet* was the opera chosen for her debut. I extract (without translating), an article from one of the most influential journals here:—

"Ophélie est toujours Ophélie, et la Nilsson n'a rien perdu de son admirable voix. Cette longue et belle échelle de sons argentins et purs est d'une flexibilité admirable, et chaque note a un timbre délicieux. Toutes les merveilles de la vocalisation, les gammes simples et doubles, les trilles, les étincelles mélodiques, jaillissent de sa bouche comme une rosée de perles. C'est doux comme une caresse et fluide comme la lumière. Il faut l'entendre attaquer une note aiguë qu'elle suspend pour ainsi dire dans l'espace en la remplissant de son haleine dont elle mesure le souffle avec une *maestria* incomparable. Et n'allez pas croire que cette vocalisation merveilleuse soit plutôt le résultat de la nature qu'un effet de l'art. Sans doute la qualité de l'organe, son timbre argentin et sa souplesse sont des éléments dont il faut tenir compte; mais ce qui fait la supériorité de Mme Nilsson, c'est la sûreté de la méthode, la profondeur de l'expression; l'élévation et la pureté du style; la facilité avec laquelle elle parvient à tisser cette trame sonore où viennent se ranger les perles de sa voix; la fusion harmonieuse du sentiment et du caprice; en deux mots, l'assemblage des plus précieux dons de la nature fécondés par l'étude et le travail de l'art. Et la comédienne n'est pas inférieure, à la chanteuse. Les attitudes son sculpturales, l'expression du visage n'est pas moins juste ou moins touchante que l'expression du chant et la composition générale du rôle révèle une vive intelligence dramatique, une étude profonde du sujet et du personnage. Le public s'est rendu à merci, et après le quatrième acte une immense acclamation partie de tous les coins de la salle a rappelé la grande artiste qui venait remporter ce triomphe. On peut-être bien certain que l'on s'étouffera à toutes les représentations de la Nilsson, qui emportera de Bruxelles un souvenir qui ne s'effacera point."

The other papers seem all of the same mind. *Le Nord*, for instance, writes as follows:—

"Les représentations de Mme Nilsson, si longtemps impatiemment attendues, ont commencé enfin au théâtre de la Monnaie. Quoique le prix des places eût été porté au même taux que pour les représentations de Mme Patti, la salle était complètement et brillamment garnie. Pour sa première apparition Mme Nilsson avait naturellement fait choix du rôle d'Ophélie, dont la création à Paris a définitivement établi sa réputation, dans le type vaporeux de la tendre et poétique amante d'*Hamlet*, tel que l'a rêvé Shakspeare. Que d'art, de style, et de virtuosité la cantatrice ne déploie-t-elle pas! Dès les premières phrases du duo avec *Hamlet*, sa voix, d'une rare étendue, d'un timbre sonore et éclatant, une des plus belles voix qui se puissent entendre, lui avait conquis la faveur du public. A Bruxelles, comme à Paris, comme à Saint-Petersbourg, comme partout d'ailleurs, le triomphe de Mme Nilsson, a été la scène de la folie, qu'elle rend d'une manière étrange et saisissante, avec un charme des plus pénétrants. Elle y est réellement incomparable."

La Presse Belge is but an echo of its comrades:—

"La représentation d'*Hamlet*, au théâtre de la Monnaie, était une solennité attendue avec une vive impatience. La foule la plus artistique, la plus élégante, la plus dorée, encombra la salle. Le succès de Mme Nilsson a été immense et d'autant plus mérité que son talent est pur de tout alliage hétérogène. Ce qu'il faut admirer chez la cantatrice suédoise, c'est le charme pénétrant de sa voix, l'absence de tout éclat criard, un timbre d'une suavité dont rien ne peut donner une idée. Sa manière de chanter est tellement simple, ses vocalises semblent si spontanées, que l'art disparaît et on se croit en présence de la nature elle-même. Oui, c'est bien Ophélie, tendre et passionnée, aussi belle, aussi touchante qu'aucune peinture ne saurait la représenter; et nous avons peine à nous figurer qu'aucune artiste puisse égaler Mme Nilsson dans ce rôle."

There are other notices, still (if possible), more complimentary; but I think I have given enough. O. P. Q.

FRANKFORT.—For the last few years the evening of Easter Sunday has been devoted to a concert at the Town Theatre, for the benefit of the two conductors, Herr Ignace Lachner and Herr Golterman. Amongst several new compositions, were brought out "The Landmännchen," by J. Riez, which pleased, and was encored. N. Gade's *Tallad*, for solo, chorus, and orchestra, entitled "The Erl King's Daughter," an interesting work, and Ignace Lachner's new Quintet, for five voices, chorus, and orchestra, were also favourably received.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

(Continued from page 232.)

I objected just now to the epithets augmented and diminished, as applied to these particular intervals, the exceptional fourth and fifth chromatic intervals. I think these should be reserved exclusively. I know, of course, that my objection involves a principle, or rather begs a question. What is a chromatic interval? This question, as often happens, throws us back on another. What is a chromatic scale? A chromatic scale I shall define, with Dr Crotch, to be a scale containing more than two semitones. The so-called "natural" scales, and all other scales made like it, are not chromatic scales, neither are any of the ancient scales formed from the arrangement of the same series of sounds in a different order. Of these last the "natural" minor scale is one, and the only one familiar to the modern musician. Only, however, by means of a most serious alteration has it been reconciled to modern tonality, which, above all things, demands, as the unequivocal sign, seal, or confirmation of a key, the combination known as the "discord of the dominant seventh." Such a combination on the fifth of the natural minor scale is only possible by an alteration or non-naturalization, which at once brings it under Dr Crotch's definition. In the series A, B, C, D, E, F natural, G sharp, and A, we find three semitones and one interval greater than a tone. Moreover, by skips from one note to another of a scale so constituted, we get three other intervals alien to the natural scale—the inversion of the altered second formed by F—G sharp, and the altered fifth formed by C—G sharp, and its inversion. These intervals are, I conceive, augmentations or diminutions of intervals which would have remained unaltered but for the artificial process needed to reconcile the minor key with modern tonality; they are, therefore, I believe, generally called augmented and diminished accordingly. So all intervals which the cultivated ear does not reject as cacophonous, formed by notes one or both of which are foreign to the key to which they are introduced, are but augmentations or diminutions of those that are natural to it. Without change of key we can augment certain of the unisons, seconds, fifths, and sixths, and diminish certain of the octaves, sevenths, fourths, and thirds. Now, as we have seen, in the unaltered or natural scale, major or minor, we find no examples of any one of these intervals; they are uniformly the result of artificial treatment. But with the exceptional fourth and fifth the case is altogether different. They are not the results of artificial treatment; we find them already to our hands; and they are as much constituent parts of the scale in which we find them as is the semitone between the third and fourth sounds. How, then, can the interval F—B, in the scale of C, be augmented, or B—F diminished? Of what are they augmentations or diminutions? Of F—B flat, or of F sharp—B? Are B flat or F sharp constituents of the scale—I do not say the key—of C? If they are, our modern tonality must be reconstructed *de fond en comble*, and every scale must be allowed three dominants instead of one. Again, we find that the intervals of the natural scale which bear augmentation are the largest of their kind in it, and those which will bear diminution the smallest. Of the seconds we can augment only the major, of the thirds we can diminish only the minor. Can we augment the tritone, the largest fourth in the scale, or diminish its inversion, the smallest fifth? Both have reached their utmost limits, and resist and defy all attempts to put them further asunder, or bring them nearer together. If it be answered that they are already augmented and diminished, I ask again what was their original condition? The tritone and its inversion are, I presume, constituents of the diatonic scale; and they are diatonic intervals accordingly. For the latter an epithet, imperfect, is already largely accepted. I submit to you in the absence of a better, the epithet pluperfect for its inversion. Before getting to this second division of my subject—pitch—I will ask you to give me your attention for a few moments longer. It seems to me that musicians have much cause to complain of the way in which not merely general literatures but even scientific writers employ words to which, since music has been an art, musical artists have agreed in attaching certain definite significations. Perhaps the most glaring instance of this, and it is the only one which I shall give, is the employment of the word "tone" to express the thing or sensation which we and they also sometimes call "sound." A tone with us is not a sound, but the relation or difference between

one sound and another. This acceptance of the word would seem to be, if not as old as the musical art itself, at least of great antiquity, as is shown in the co-existence of two such words as tetrachord and tritone; the one, of course, representing a passage of four sounds, or strings which produce them, the other an interval which, though it includes four sounds, is named after the three intervals—tones—which separate them. We hear now of over-tones, or the acute sounds resulting from spontaneous vibration; and of under-tones, meaning grave sounds resulting from the combination of others. Some of us have occasionally been at a good deal of pains to explain that a major third consists of, or includes, two tones; if a tone be a sound, a major third must consist of three, or even of five, tones, or of both three and five. The most recent and extravagant employment of this word, in this sense, is in its application to great composers.

(To be continued.)

ANTONIO SALIERI.

(Concluded from page 223.)

The above was the course pursued, the result being a new book and new music. The heroic overture alone was retained unaltered from *Turare*. It is a genuine theatrical overture, and, as such, highly effective. Like the entire opera, it is conspicuous for far more vigorous instrumentation than is to be found in any other of Salieri's productions. The recitatives are worked out with care; the grand airs are noble and spirited. The choruses, though more tuneful than usual with the composer, constitute—homophonous as they always are—the weakest portion of the opera. The ballet music is fiery and original. In short, in *Azur*, Salieri has approached most nearly to his great model Gluck, though not a single touch of oriental character is to be found in the whole music. As regards the latter, the action might as well pass in the Roman Campagna, instead of on the gold-island of Ormus. Mozart had given in his *Entführung* a brilliant specimen of genuinely oriental style. But Salieri would have considered it far beneath his dignity to follow the path traced out by Mozart—supposing he had been capable of doing so. Thus his *Azur* proved a fine, agreeable, and sometimes moving composition, but without sharply defined character or real originality. Despite of this, however, it is, and always will be, one of the most valuable scores of the old Italian school, reformed by Gluck. A revival of it on the stage, with judicious curtailments—especially of the numerous duets—would, most probably, not fail to be attended by favourable results.

After *Azur*, Salieri wrote only one important work for the stage. This is *Palmira*, founded on Voltaire's story, *The Princess of Babylon*. But it was not performed till 1796, when it was produced at Vienna. Received at first with enthusiasm, it soon fell into oblivion. All his other operas passed over the stage pretty well unnoticed—the more so because, after the production of *Die Zauberflöte* and its composer's early death, Vienna, also, at length declared loudly for Mozart, the incomparable and unrivalled.

This is not the place to enter into a detailed account of Salieri's last years. Appointed, as early as 1788, after Bono's death, *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Court, he led a retired, uniform existence. He composed many other things for the theatre and the church, but none of them, except the opera of *Il Talismano*, ever found their way beyond the precincts of Vienna.

In 1790, Leopold II. died, and Salieri, deprived of his principal protector and patron, sent in his resignation as director of the Italian Opera. The resignation was accepted, and the post conferred on his pupil Joseph Weigl. All that Salieri still undertook to do was to compose a new opera every year. But, perfectly conscious as he was how friendly the sentiments of Leopold II. had been towards him, and of the change which had now taken place in the taste of the Viennese, he produced, *invita musa*, after the manner of a mere journeyman, these compositions to order, and, to his end, devoted his time and his best powers to sacred music. What Leopold thought of him at the beginning of this period we have seen above.

Salieri's last years were dimmed by continuous illness. He gradually became almost completely blind, besides being tortured by gout and asthma. Towards the termination of his existence,

he fell into a state of utter melancholy, and was incessantly a prey to one fixed idea, namely: that he had poisoned Mozart. As we know, Mozart, also, left the world with this delusion, which, however, his wife solemnly denied; Carpani moreover, in the *Biblioteca Italiana*, has given us a duly authenticated justification of Salieri. At length, after long sufferings, and with his nervous system completely destroyed, the old master succumbed on the 7th May, 1825, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried with great solemnity. He had many pupils, but instructed them gratuitously, as he himself had formerly been instructed by Gassmann. The money frequently forced upon him by the rich ones he immediately distributed among those less favoured by fortune. His most prominent pupils in composition were: Joseph Weigl, Hummel, Franz Schubert, Franz Liszt, Moscheles, Joseph Stunz, the Baron von Doblhoff-Dier, Assemeier, etc. His successor, already a year before his death, was Joseph Eybler. We will conclude this sketch with the account given by Fr. Rochlitz of his meeting with Salieri, in 1822.

"On Whitsunday," he writes, "I attended morning service in the Imperial Court Chapel. It is small; everything extremely simple but becoming. The music was in keeping with the size and character of the building—up to the offertorium. There, at the words of the Psalm; 'Populi, timete magnum nomen Domini,' the composer had taken a higher flight, and, though preserving the utmost simplicity of style, and despite the very limited resources at his disposal, really moved the heart, and bowed it down in humble devotion before God. The composition touched me as well as others, and my attention was certainly attracted by it more than by aught else. When, at the conclusion of the service, I stepped out into the court yard of the Burg, I met Gebauer, who walked with me. He asked me about the music I had heard, and I told him pretty much what I have just told you.—Two days later, early in the morning, a good natured looking old gentleman entered my room unannounced, as I had just sent the servant out. My visitor was rather small and thin; the outline of his face was pleasing; his eyes were bright and clear; his bearing was refined and easy; and, as I thought, he was something over sixty. (He was however, as I afterwards learned, ten years older.) In most peculiar German which I cannot reproduce, he began pretty well as follows: '*Capellmeister* Gebauer have told me that you were "*ollhie*,"* and that at Pentecost you were in the chapel de sa Maïsta, and that the Offertoriv in musica pleased you. Permit me to—' speaking thus he handed me, with a friendly air, a neatly written roll of the score, on which my first glance at the title discovered the inscription in the Italian language: 'In remembrance of Whitsuntide, 1822, at Vienna. Da me, Antonio Salieri.' 'Sir' I said, 'are you—?' '*Olle* Salieri.—I have been only a little more than fifty years in Germany—How can I be expected to have already learned the language?'—'And do you not intend to publish anything more?'—'Since I retired from the Opera,' he said, still larding his conversation with fragments of Italian and French, 'I have written nothing save some little social songs, canons, and so on, to be sung more especially out of doors—and church-music. All of my works meant for the world, the world possesses. The trifles I have mentioned are for my friends; the sacred pieces, for God—and my Emperor.'" JOSEPH SEILER.

I Mystery.

There was a slim man of St Jerry,
Who rowed betwixt ferry and ferry,
With a good deal of luck,
Until, failing in pluck,
He exclaimed—"That will do for St Jerry."

* Jerome Hokkins, being the sublimated essence, every other feels dwarfed in his presence. Mr Heibberger understands the piano, which Orpheon never did.

Ribs.

WOMEN.—The great "Emperor Bell," manufactured at Frankenthal, will be inaugurated here on the 11th inst., with the performance of Romberg's "Lay of the Bell," and a general holiday, and afterwards it will be shipped down the Rhine to Cologne, on a special steamer.

* Probably for *allhier*, "here."

THE GOSS TESTIMONIAL.

(Communicated.)

The public presentation to Sir John Goss of the Deed, relating to the founding of an exhibition for chorister boys at the Royal Academy of Music, will take place at St Paul's Cathedral, on Wednesday next, April 14th, 1875. The boy is to be nominated by the council of the College of Organists; he will be at the Royal Academy of Music for three years, and must make the organ his principal study.

By permission of the Dean, the large room at the chapter house has been granted for this purpose.

The testimonial will be presented by the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc. Oxon., professor of music in the University of Oxford, and Precentor of Hereford.

Divine service commences at 4 o'clock, when the following music, composed by Sir John Goss, will be sung.

Magnificat Goss in E.
Nunc Dimittis Goss in E.
Anthem ... "Praise the Lord." Goss.

The presentation will take place immediately after the service.

The net amount at present available for the scheme is £315, which is invested in the names of M. E. Wesley, Esq. (Treasurer), Dr John Stainer, and Rev. John Goss.

The names of all donors, who have paid their subscriptions by April 12th, will be engrossed on a Schedule attached to the Trust Deed, prior to its presentation.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE OPERA COMIQUE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR.—Mr Pitron deserves the thanks of the public for the completeness with which (last night) he placed *Les trente Millions de Gladiator* on the stage. This piece, now playing with great success at the Variétés in Paris, promises to be equally successful here. It is in the best style of French comedy. The dialogue is full of wit, and the incidents are most amusing. Mlle Wilhem, as Suzanne, plays with that consummate ease and freedom to which she has accustomed us, and Mr Monti, as the romantic American, is excellent. The company, amongst whom are our old favourites Lecourt and Perrier, work admirably together. I must call attention to Messrs Schaub and Nover, who, as Potasse and Pepitt, show respectively a large amount of talent for comedy. Mr Pitron, who promises us the comedy of *Mlle Duparc* next week, has got an excellent company together, and I hope his exertions may meet their just reward.—I am, dear Mr Editor, yours faithfully,
March 7th, 1875. IGNACE GIBSONE.

Lines for Music.

LULLABY.

(Copyright reserved.)

Sleep, my darling,
My sweet darling,
I will nurse thee on my breast;
Never leave thee,
Ne'er deceive thee—
Thee of all I love the best.

See thy pretty dimpled chin,
Lovely eyes that know no sin;
Plump white arms, and shoulders white,
Smile as soft as glow-worm's light;
Toes like rosebuds, coral tipped;
Check of damask, crimson tipped;
Sunny curls of golden hair,
Clustering o'er thy brow so fair.
O my babe! upon my breast,
In thy peaceful slumber rest;
Calmly there in beauty lie,
While I sing thee lullaby:

Sleep, my darling,
My sweet darling,
I will nurse thee on my breast;
Never leave thee,
Ne'er deceive thee—
Thee of all I love the best.

FINLAY FINLAYSON.

WAIFS.

David Garrick has been revived, for Mr Sothern, at the Haymarket. "Seraphael" (Master Henry Walker), the well-known boy pianist, arrived from America on Monday last. Master Walker has now been engaged for two consecutive seasons in the United States.

The members of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestra met for the first time on a Wednesday evening, in the Royal Albert Hall. This orchestra, composed of amateur musicians from every rank of society, is founded at the suggestion of the Duke of Edinburgh, chairman of the managing committee. Upwards of 158 members were present. Business began with an address from the conductor, Mr Arthur Sullivan, who spoke of the Duke's love for music, and his (the Duke's) energy in promoting its cultivation. Although absence abroad prevented his (the Duke's) attending this meeting, he (the Duke) hoped in a short time to occupy his (the Duke's) place in the orchestra. Mr Sullivan concluded by urging punctual attendance and absolute recognition of the conductor's (Mr Sullivan's) authority.—(Communicated at three quarters past the eleventh hour).

VIENNA.—The Emperor of Austria has nominated Franz Liszt as President of the New Imperial Academy of Music at Pesth. Dr Franz Liszt is also expected shortly at Munich, for the performance of an oratorio of his own composition.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—Sir Sterndale Bennett's "Pianoforte Works," Vol. 1: "Lonely," song, "Gavotte," for the pianoforte, by E. H. Thorne.
J. B. CRAMER & Co.—"To Chloe," ode, by Horace, translated into English by Lord Lytton, music by Charles Salaman.
WILLIAM CZERNY (Oxford Street, W.).—"Andante and Bando," for the pianoforte, "Capriccioletto Marziale," for the pianoforte, "Capriccioletto," for the pianoforte, by A. Ergan.
ROBERT COCKS & Co.—"The Revival Reminiscence" (sung by Mr Sankey), transcribed for the pianoforte by J. Pridman; Handel's Grand March, "Scipio," for the pianoforte, by W. Smallwood; "The Elements of Theory of Music," by Robert Sutton.
C. JEFFERTS (67, Berners Street, W.).—"Caro, mio ben," arranged for the pianoforte, by Stephen S. Stratton; "Lasting Pleasures," morceau de salon, for piano, by Berthold Tours; "Twelve Waltzes," by John Kinross.
NOVELLO, EWER & Co.—"A Set of Waltzes," for the pianoforte, by Gerard Francis Cobb, M.A.; "The New Mitre Hymnal," adapted to the Service of the Church of England.
F. PITMAN (29, Paternoster Row, E.C.).—"The Rose and the Maiden," ballad, by Fredk. Crouch.
RANSFORD & SON (2, Princes Street, Oxford Circus).—"Our Song," "The Compass," "Book and Square," "Do I not love?" song, by Donald M. King.
SIMPSON & Co. (14, Argyll Street, Regent Street, W.).—"Weippert's Series for Harmonium, Organ, or Pianoforte," edited by W. H. A. Beale; Easter Anthem, "The strife is o'er," by Henry Edward Hodson, M.A.; "Hymn for the Night," by W. H. A. Beale.
WOOD & Co. (8, Guilford Street, Russell Square, W.C.).—"Snowdrop and Violets," song, by T. G. B. Bailey; "The Adieu," duet, soprano and tenor, "Adelaide," transcribed for the pianoforte, by William Kube.
WERKES & Co.—"Eventide," ballad, by W. C. Levey; "Ugène Moderne en Sol," par Berthold Tours; "L'Ataque," march, for the pianoforte, "Dance Russe," for the piano, by F. V. Komatzki; "The Cambridge Concert," studies for the pianoforte, by Horton C. Allison; "Short Voluntaries," arranged for the organ, by Edmund H. Turpin; "Three Classical Duets," from Haydn's celebrated Overture in D, by John Pridman; "It only seems the other day," composed by W. C. Levey; "Romance," pour le violon, avec accompagnement de piano, by Otto Booth; "Impromptu in A," by Arthur J. Barth.
AUGENER & Co.—"Pensée fugitive," by Arthur J. Barth.
HURST & BLACKETT.—"Felicis," by M. Betham-Edwards.

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63. *Goddess of the dawn Smart.
64. *At our spinning wheel Wagner.
65. *How can we sing Verdi.
66. *The standard waves Bishop.

BOOK XII.

67. *A spring sun peepeth out Richards.
68. *The storm Richards.
69. *Lightly, softly Flotow.
70. *Over woodland, over plain Pissuti.
71. *Flow softly, flow Costa.
72. *Rowing bravely Campana.

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74. *Softly now Duggan.
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'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

The song exactly suited Miss Sterling's voice and style, and it will assuredly become as great a favourite as 'Will he come,' to which it is a worthy pendant, and the words of which are also by Miss Proctor."—*Standard*, Nov. 12.

"Miss Antoinette Sterling repeated Mr Sullivan's new song, 'Thou art weary,' a second hearing of which has confirmed our good opinion of it."—*Standard*, Nov. 16.

"At the concert on Monday, Miss Sterling had introduced a series of charming *Lieder* by Schumann, and a new song by Mr Arthur Sullivan, 'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary,' an admirable setting of Miss Proctor's poem, 'Hush, I cannot bear to see thee,' which, like everything Miss Proctor wrote, was well adapted for and, in fact, seemed to invite musical treatment. Her verses have inspired Mr Sullivan with a genuine melody, of which the refrain is particularly remarkable; and the song, both at Monday's and Saturday's concert, pleased so much that Miss Sterling was called upon to repeat it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, Nov. 17.

"Miss Sterling sang discreetly and sympathetically four of Schumann's 'Dichterliebe' (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8); but came off still better in a new song by Mr A. Sullivan, who has set words by Adelaide Proctor, 'Thou art weary,' the dying consolation of a starved mother to her child, the refrain of which is—

'Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.'

It is a painful theme; but the composer has treated it with such pathos that the air tells powerfully."—*Athenaeum*, Nov. 14.

"The vocalist was Miss Sterling, who sang four songs by Schumann (Nos. 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the 'Dichterliebe'), and a new song, entitled 'Thou art weary,' written by Miss Adelaide Proctor. The words are good, and have been fitted to charming and expressive music by Mr Arthur Sullivan, who has added a pianoforte accompaniment worthy his high reputation, and worth listening to for its own sake."—*Observer*, Nov. 15.

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"A very expressive new song, by Mr A. Sullivan, 'Tender and True,' was sung with such effect by Miss Edith Wynne that it had to be repeated."—*Illustrated London News*, January 16.

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